



# NEWS

FROM

# WINDSOR:

BRINGING THE

Duke of MONMOUTH'S Welcome:

AND

# CONGRATULATORY

On His return from

# SCOTLAND.

**I**T is enough brave Prince! Thy Glory now  
 Sits full and fresh on thy Heroick Brow.  
 Our Thanks were deeply in Arrear before  
 Unto thy Prowels; Now th' half rais'd the Score  
 So high, that such another Obligation  
 Will make a Bankrupt of the English Nation.  
 Put off thy Armour then, that thou mayst here



Meet *England's* Love as great as *Scotland's* Fear ;  
 And after all the great Fatigues o' th' Field,  
 Enjoy those Pleasures which the Court doth yield ;  
 That we, assur'd of thy safety, may  
 Cry *Io*, Triumph, and keep Holy-day.  
 See how the *English*-men already crow'd —  
 To pay their Thankfulness in Volleys loud,  
 More of their Conquerour than Conquest proud.  
 Here some begin a repititious glance  
 On thy Heroick Actions in *France*,  
 While some reply, that thy *Mastrick* half Moon  
 Shines brighter far than does the Sun at Noon.  
 There others cry, *The Lord have Mercy on's*,  
 He acted more than Miracles at *Mons*:  
 And all, at length, in loving *Chorus* joyn,  
 Saying, 'tis *Scotland, Scotland*, makes him shine.  
 Now, base Rebellion, shrink and disappear ;  
 Retreat to Hell while *MONMOUTH* liveth here.  
 Oh happy *ENGLAND*, which in One can'st find  
 Such Loyalty with so much Courage join'd  
 Borne on those Wings; How swift did *MONMOUTH* flye  
 To *Scotland*, there to crush Disloyalty.  
 His Loyal Heart did scorn to seek excuse ;  
 His Courage offer'd Him to's Countrey's use.  
 So expeditious was His Enterprife,  
 That He, unthought on, fac'd His Fnemies ;  
 Who seeing Him were quickly vanquished,  
 His Name's enough to strike a Rebel dead.  
 Avaunt then all you Covenanting Crew ;  
 For where His bright Example cannot do  
 His Sword will find the way to make you true.  
 But that's already done, why say I more,  
 At *Botwell* Bridge he threw Rebellion o're.  
 Where after gaining Friends, and His Foes slain,  
 He (Thanks to Fate) is safe return'd again.  
 Thrice welcome (*English Darling*) dost Thou come,

Thy Presence is now requisite at home.  
 Now when a Foe, more dangerous than *Scot*,  
 Does 'gainst our King and our Religion plot.  
 Now when the Nation scarce knows who is Who,  
 And all suspect each other as untrue;  
 When *Jesuit* disguis'd, *Rome's* Emissary,  
 Makes all our Counsels and our Trade miscarry;  
 When all, beset with Jealousies and Fears,  
 Are like to go together by the Ears;  
 Whil'st those who active are for Common good,  
 In danger are for that to lose their Blood;  
 When nothing but great Mists and Clouds appears,  
 And every thing the face of darkness wears,  
 Then you (Great Sir) like Morning Sun arise  
 Dispersing all our Fears and Jealousies;  
 And having gotten you at home again,  
 We can with Confidence our Fears disdain.  
 Now *Pope* and *Devil*, we desie you all,  
 Now do your worst our *MONMOUTH's* within call.  
 He dare do good, and stem your damn'd Designs,  
 Your Gold won't poison him, though you bring Mines;  
 He loves you not, and dares to tell you so,  
 He's *Protestant*, and that you'll quickly know.  
 He has as many hearts inchain'd to His,  
 As any Duke can have who e're he is.  
 Thus do we hope and hug our selves in thee,  
 Great Prince, our Champion for Loyalty;  
 Thy presenee makes us Sing, Rejoyce and Smile;  
 And Plotting Catholicks do grin the while;  
 We know we've one, that a true Subject is,  
 We know His Carriage never struck amiss:  
 In him we dare confide, and dare oppose,  
 The most imperious of our Churches Foes:  
 Then Courage Countrymen, near fear a fall,  
 We need no Bulwark, but our General:

Our safety can't be lost but with His blood,  
 He's the Epitomy of all our good ;  
 As us his Arms, let Him our Prayers defend,  
 From all the perills which the brave attend:  
 Heaven Guard His Life, may his Victorious Arms,  
 Be ne're out-done, but by his Dutcheffe Charms;  
 May He descend by's numerous Progeny,  
 A lasting Blessing to Posterity ;  
 May happinefs his highest Wish prevent,  
 And nothing prosper that's against Him bent;  
 Let Riches crowd and Pleasures flow about him,  
 And inward Virtue raise the good without Him:  
 And after all may His deserts receive  
 The Publick Acclamation, Long Live.

FINIS.